

11. 689
T A F F I's
MASTER-PIECE:
OR, THE
Cambro-British Invention.
A
MOCK POEM.
BEING THE
Muscipula Oxoniensis
Translated into
BURLESQUE VERSE.

By a CANTAB. K

*In tenui Labor, at tenuis non Gloria: si quem
Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.*
Virg. Geor. Lib. 4. Lin. 6.

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1 A F I S

MASTER PITCH

OF THE
AMERICAN PATENT

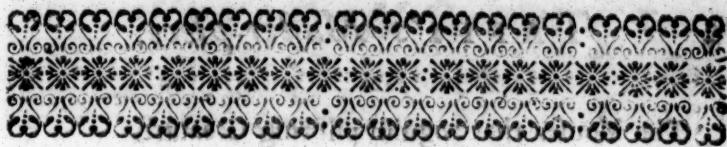
MOCK POEM

THE
AMERICAN PATENT



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AMERICAN PATENT



Taffi's Master-piece:

O R, T H E

Cambro-British Invention.



U S E, sing the Mountaineer, the *Briton*,
Who first the fly Invention hit on,
That useful Engine, fam'd Device,
A Prison for the tiny Mice;
In *Hudibrasian* Rhime relate
Destructive Gins, ensnaring Fate,

The lucky Products of his Pate:

Thou God of Poetry, and Light,
Assist with thy enliv'ning Spright,
(For Poets say, nay swear it too,
Thou wert thy self to Mice a Foe ;)
Come into *Wales*, thou need'st not pass us,
There's Hills enow for one *Parnassus*,
There stay, and help my Muse, which sings
In little Numbers, little Things.

The Mouſe, that roguiſh pilſring Creature,
 A very Felon, Thief by Nature,
 A little Vagabond, would venture,
 Where-ever Luſt of Spoil bad enter;
 And long e'er Means were found of ſtopping
 His ſurreptitious Interloping;
 Long time he uſ'd theſe wicked Arts,
 Plund'ring the Cuſtards, and the Tarts,
 Unpunish'd, fearleſs, here and there
 He ſkipp'd, and ſpoil'd the choiceſt Fare,
 Nibbling with his envenom'd Tooth
 He tainted ev'ry Diſh forſooth:
 Norhing eſcap'd, that ever lay
 Within this Thieviſh Creature's way.
 This Runagate, this Houſhold Peſt,
 In ev'ry Place a conſtant Gueſt;
 Againſt his Thefts there was no Guard
 From Walls, nor ſtrongeſt Doors, though barr'd;
 His Teeth were ſuch, with eaſe he'd make
 A Cranny through for's Belly's ſake,
 And niceſt Cates on Freecoſt take.

Long time all Countries bore this Riot,
 Not all their Wits cou'd keep them quiet,
 The Peſt encreas'd in ev'ry Coaſt,
 But *Wales*, alas, ſtill ſuffer'd moſt;

Their

Their Cheefe so strong a Scent did bear,
It was discover'd from afar
By th' Mice, (which in sagacious Smell
All other Quadrupedes excel;)
Nor would they, as in other things,
Leave Cheefe with little Nibblings,
Whene'er such Victuals they could fall on,
They daily gnaw'd out Holes, not small ones,
But such, as serv'd the greedy Mouse
Both for a Dinner, and a House.

Vext to the Guts, each *Welchman* fees
His best, and dearest Friend, strong Cheefe
Thus spoil'd; by Rage to Madness drove,
O'er Tops of Hills they frantick rove,
Bustle from one Place to another,
And restless keep a mighty Pother,
Their Minds of Grief were never fuller;
And *Welch* (you know) are prone to Choller,
Their Breasts are boiling still with Ire,
And naturally soon take fire,
You'd swear, their flashy Disposition
Had Sulphur in its Composition;
Which, as their Fingers it anoints,
Tinctures their Souls, as well as Joints.

So, Anger spurring on, by Oath
They to each other plight their Troth,

For

4 *TAFFI's Master-piece.*

For brave St. *David's* sake, and vow'd
 To take the Felon's forfeit Blood,
 Ay marry would they; but what Way
 This sly Offender to betray,
 How best his Ravage to repel,
 Does *Welchmen's* Wit as yet excel
 Nor is it in *Grimalkin's* Pow'r,
 O *Wales*, to keep thy Farms secure,
 It does her Cunning much surpass
 To help you in this dismal Case;
 In vain she creeps with stealing Feet
 Their lurking Cavities to beset,
 In vain lays Ambush for 'em, hoping
 To catch 'em from their Holes eloping;
 The Mouse by being small defies her,
 Who, than his Foe, is so much wiser,
 By how much he can undersize her;
 Whene'er by chance they see Puss purring
 Over their Holes, they won't be stirring,
 But back retire to Caverns hollow,
 And winding so, poor Puss can't follow;
 From whence their Nose they hardly peep out,
 Much less attempt ever to creep out,
 Nor dare, until their Foes forsake
 Their Camp, the least Excursions make,
 'Till watchful Puss would disappear,
 And with her, all they had to fear:

So

So th' *Welch* of Old (nor think it hard,
Ye *Welch* to be to Mice comp'r'd,)
Play'd heft'ring *Cesar* a Trick scurvy,
Who'd turn'd the whole World topsie-turvy,
This domineering *Ragamuffin*
Got part of *Britain* too by's huffing;
Yet so the *Welchmen* at him laugh,
In cunning Corners lying safe
On Hills, where he could ne'er assail 'em,
So high, the De'el himself can't scale 'em;
So 'midst their craggy Rocks they hide 'em,
From Blood, and Slaughter, on each side 'em;
And though to Conquer him too much is,
They kept themselves out of his Clutches:
Hence boast they Castles ne'er demolish'd,
Language so old, it ne'er was polish'd,
Nor alter'd once, (for they are able
To prove it was the same at *Babel*),
And Pedigrees so long, they hold their
Lineage and Stock than *Adam* older.

Now when *Grimalkin* did no good,
But crafty Mice her Wiles withstood,
Now *Britons* of all Hope bereft
From this Allie, what way was left?
They call a Council out of hand
In th' farthest Point of all the Land;

Where

6 T A F F I ' s *Master-piece.*

Where now a Town in Ruins.lies,
 Its Mitre, Titles, Dignities,
 And they with Tears tell all, who pass,
 Here, here alas, St. *David's* was!
 For haste the *Welchmen* sweat and swelter,
 Running down hither helter skelter,
 The Nobles, Gentlemen appear'd,
 And those with Brimstone all besmear'd,
 The vulgar Sort, (nor think that strange,
 For Brimstone's good against the Mange.)

The *Senior* then with Beard in Fashion,
 So long, the Goats of his own Nation
 Envy'd the dangling Decoration;
 With running Scurf (the Itch I wist)
 Spread o'er his Phiz, and Mutton-Fist,
 Impair'd by Age, the first of all
 Stands up in th' middle of the Hall,
 Where's set a Pillar, (call'd by most
 The *Cambro-British* Scrubbing-Post,
 'Cause here they rub, themselves to ease,
 Plagu'd with their Country's known Disease,)
 Leaning thereon his itching Shoulders,
 Conspicuous to all Beholders,
 And wiping th' Snivel from his Whiskers,
 Preparing thus a stutt'ring Discourse,
 With Voice as hoarse, as Crow's in Gutters,
 These Words with hasty Violence splutters:

Gentle-

TAFFI'S *Master-piece.*

7

Gentlemen all, I'd have you know,
 We speak not of an open Foe,
 But 'tis a Cheese-destroying Felon,
 That I am now, dear Friends, to tell on;
 No Foreign Enemy we fear,
 The Mischief's greater, 'cause more near:
 Sirs, let's contrive (if we're all able,)
 To kill this Guest, so formidable;
 Alas! close by us at our Table.
 Shall this fly pilf'ring Animal
 Thus domineer against us all?
 A Mouse thus rant it with Tyranny?
 Consider, Gentlemen, so many,
 You in long Robes, right worthy Orders,
 Aldermen, Mayors, and you Recorders,
 (To whom your Country, than your Blood,
 Is dearer,) do us now some good;
 If any Hope as yet remains,
 Set Wits to work, and ease our Pains:
 So may your Memory and Glory
 For ever be renown'd in Story,
 While Name of great *Cadwalader*
 Is chanted forth in Ballad here.

}
}

This said, he from his Pocket drawing
 Some mouldy Scraps Mouse had been gnawing,
 Offals, of's Stealth Remembrances,
 Sad Tokens of his Grievances,

B

On

On bit of Cheese the Wily Spark
 Shews of his Teeth the very Mark :
 This play'd the Duce among 'em all,
 And stirr'd afresh each *Briton's* Gall ;
 Like Gun-powder, they all take Fire,
 As Cheese, and Country, both inspire :
 Revenge, Revenge, they splutt'ring cry'd,
 Nay, swore, and vow'd it too beside ;
 They'll kill these Mice that so provoke 'em,
 They'll do, they know not what, they'll choak 'em :
 Thus boils their Gall, and each Man's Skull
 Of Traps (in *Embrio* yet) is full.

But, oh ! the Man, whose lucky Thought,
 The Machine to Perfection brought,
 Set him, I pray, above all others,
 (Though he himself hath Elder Brothers.)
Taffi his Name ; none can out-do him,
 Nor *Wales* e'er bore an Equal to him
 For Sense ; this ready-witted Blade,
 A White or Blacksmith too by Trade,
 (Yet a sharp Minister of State,
 Although a Smith, I'll tell you that,)
 Raising from three-foot Stool his Breech,
 Erects himself, and makes this Speech :

If Cheese, the Glory of our Nation,
 Our Food too, come to Desolation,

TAFFI'S *Master-piece.*

9

By *Jove*, who rules the Regions upper,
All *Wales* must go without a Supper;
Nay more (what makes the Matter worse, is)
Nobles must lose their second Courses,
Or the best Part of't, Cheese, the Treat,
Which gives a Relish to their Meat.

Since then, to quell the Foe, is found
No way by you of Sense profound;
Since your *Welch* Courage still comes short off,
And Puff is only made a Sport of;
I, but a Smith, will put my Hand too,
And try what my Invention can do;
A cunning Engine, sly Deceit,
I hope to make, shall do the Feat:
And Foes who cares how we prevail o'er,
Whether by Stratagem, or Valour?

While *Taffi* boasts his new Invention,
He's heard by all with great Attention;
They at him stare, around him press,
And Eccho'ing Hums their Joys express:
This drowns the other's, and he's proudest,
Who shew'd most Joy by humming loudest;
(For Hums in *Wales* their liking shews,
As did among the *Greeks* Σοφῶς:)
Yet of their Safety very jealous,
They lugg him by the Sleeve, saying, Tell us;

B 2

We

10 T A F F I ' s *Master-piece.*

We stand on Thorns, till we have heard,
Whether or no thou hast not jeer'd;
Explain our Hopes, rais'd by thy Promise,
Whence hast thou learn'd to over-throw Mice ?

Then he, who was to cure their odd Ill,
First rowling Wit by scratching Noddle;
(For Itch makes Scratching all the Fashion,
Among the *Cambro-British* Nation,)
In smiling sort, with Grin severe.
First stretch'd his Chops from Ear to Ear;
Then clos'd the Port-hole of his Jaws:
And thus, without a longer Pause,
Cries, whence I learn'd my Wit, an't please ye,
I shall explain in Terms most easie.

As I last Night in Bed lay snoring,
So loud I made the very Floor ring;
When Sleep as fast had clos'd my Peepers,
As any of the seven Sleepers;
A Valiant Mouse, led, I suppose,
Thither by his unerring Noise;
Which from my fav'ry Mouth could smell ye
My last Night's Supper in my Belly,
Cheese undigested; and so crept,
As I with Mouth wide open slept,
Through the unguarded Pass along,
Scratching with venom'd Claws my Tongue:

Now

Now he'd have gnaw'd my very Tripes,
And giv'n me the Belly-Gripes,
Regal'd himself with my last Supper,
Not yet descended to my Crupper ;
Nay, rummag'd so within my Throat,
My Life had surely gone to Pot,
Had I not, on a sudden waking,
Finding my self in piteous taking ;
As back again he try'd to jump,
My Grinders fasten'd in his Rump :
So in my Jaws the Foe entrapping,
Ho, Ho, Sir Mouse, I've catch'd you napping,
Thought I, but durst not tell him so,
Lest speaking I had let him go ;
But held him, when I'd got him in
My Mouth, a sure tenacious Gin.

Thus, Sirs, I first found out, b'ing docible,
That to betray a Mouse was possible :
My Mouth's the Model, whence I'll make
A Prison, hence my Hint I take,
Taught by the Mouse himself this Truth,
Luckily caught within my Tooth ;
I'm pretty sure I cannot miss on
Snares to succeed, a certain Prison.
O strange ! yet true ; by what odd Chances
Great *Jove* works out Deliverances !

How

How must Man wonder, when he pauses
 On the dark Chain of second Causes !
 The very Mouse which wou'd undo us,
 Spight of his Teeth, shews Safety to us ;
 And, like the rusty Spear, is found
 Which cur'd, as well as gave the Wound.
 Then, oh my Friends, let's not disdain
 From such a Master Wit to gain ;
 If Foes themselves teach how t' un-do 'em,
 Let's own, we're all beholding to 'em.

Thus having splutter'd out his Speech,
 He to the Company turn'd his Breech,
 And homeward ran ; the Croud all follow,
 With loud Huzza's they whoop and hollow ;
 And Prayers [fly up as thick as Hail,
 That his Endeavours may prevail.

To his own Farm then each Man hies,
 Telling the News to all he spies ;
 To th' smoaky Household-Gods in th' Nook
 They tell, how they from *Taffi* look
 For wond'rous Things ; now say in order
 How he the Mice designs to murder ;

Then

T A F F I's *Master-piece.*

13

Then to the Gods make their Orizons,
To favour Plots so great, so wise ones,
And such, as all their Hope relies on.

3

The Cats, to think of Mouse being throttl'd,
Skipp'd round, as if they were betwattl'd:
And (who would think it?) Dairy Maids,
Though very skilful at their Trades,
Could not gripe in the nimble Curd,
For (sure as you're alive) it stirr'd;
Nay flew, like Wild-fire round the House;
Sure Omens of the Death of Mouse.

Now *Taffi* sets in earnest to't,
About his Work both Hand and Foot;
And by Dame *Pallas* Help and Art,
(Who loves a Joiner in her Heart.)
With much ado, by lucky Hap,
Hammers me out a pretty Trap:
A nice, a cunning Machine truly,
(If you will view it round but duly.)
Of Art a new-invented Piece,
A Tragi-comick *Ædifice*.

But, Muse, go on, if Time be vacant,
Sing (for thou know'st it well) the Make on't;
Display the New-born Infant Fabrick,
(Not made of Stone, nor yet of a Brick,)

Tell

Tell us, I pray, if th' can't remember,
 The whole Design, and ev'ry Member.
 Two half Inch Boards he plain'd and squar'd,
 Exactly fitted, and prepar'd ;
 Then made 'em, when he'd ready got 'em,
 This for a Cov'ring, that a Bottom.
 Both sides the cunning Cur envir'ns,
 With Rows of Wires made of Ir'n,
 (Though Boards he might have done it with ;
 Consider, Sirs, *Taffi's* a Smith ;)
 Thus props it up in Order solemn,
 Like House, supported by small Columns :
 The Entrance ready stood wide open.
 A treach'rous Place for Mice to hop in ;
 Yet, far from threatning them with Evil.
 It promis'd Entertainment civil :
 But there's a mischievous Trap-door,
 Which do's the Entrance hover o'er,
 That's set, sly Mouse, for thy Undoing,
 And is design'd to be thy Ruin ;
 Hung loose, like * what-d'ye-call-him's Sword,
 By a small Thread, upon my Word :
 (So busy Fates, as they report all,
 Spin Threads for Mice as well as Mortals.)

* *Damocles.*

Then cast your Eye on Part that's over,
About the Middle of the Cover,
There's set upright a neat-turn'd Stick,
On top of which is cut a Nick,
So deep, that (*quid Ingenium possit !*)
Another little one lies cross it,
Plac'd there in *Æquilibrio*,
Just Mathematically so;
The Door at this end still being lifted,
As much as that is downwards shifted;
(For to this Stick is ty'd the Door,
Though I forgot to say't before:)
Within the Dome there down does drop,
Let through a Loop-hole at the Top,
A slender Wire, hung loosely so,
The least Touch wags it to and fro :
The lower End of it is crooked,
To hold the Bait, on purpose hooked ;
Th' other the cross Stick down does press,
But treach'rously, as you may guess,
Just at the farthest Point for th' Nonce,
That th' Door may fall down all at once ;
When e'er the nibbling Foes begin,
To gnaw the fatal Meat within,
Lets go its hold at their approach,
And makes 'em rue the lightest Touch,
For that will do the Feat ; no Tricker
Makes Guns go surer off, or quicker.

C

Now

Now he hath brought it to this Crisis,
Taffi most careful, and most nice is,
 To hang on pendent Hook a Bait,
 That Mice will surely nibble at ;
 So make what's giv'n to feed their Bodies,
 Betray to Death the greedy Noddies :
 Then he well knowing to his Cost,
 That Cheese is what delights 'em most,
 That is prepar'd, nay toasted is
 (Left his Experiment should miss,)
 By th' Fire, which makes it smell a main,
 I dare say half as strong again ;
 So strong, far distant Mice will come,
 Allur'd by th' Scent, to find their Doom.

And now the famous Night drew near,
 To be remember'd ev'ry Year,
 When *Taffi* stretching him, and yawning,
 Lies down to sleep 'till next Day's dawning ;
 Yet close by's Pillow first does clap
 His dear beloved Friend, the Trap :
 And, having such a Safe-guard near,
 He slept secure from any Fear ;
 No Dread of th' Mice did him encumber,
 Or interrupt his gentle Slumber.

Now

T A F F I ' s *Master-piece.* 17

Now the whole Gang from Caverns peep,
 And, finding *Taffi* fast asleep,
 With Joy the Thievish Rascals come,
 And dance the Hay about the Room :
 All being hush, they pry about
 Each Corner, now as Lions stout;
 Darkness their roguish Tricks concealing.
 (For Night's the fittest Time to steal in.)

Then one, the Captain of the Rout,
 Fam'd for a nice discerning Snout,
 Fit for a General I'll maintain it,
 Though born under a luckless Planet,
 Soon as the grateful Scent he found,
 Which th' toasted Cheese diffus'd around,
 To's Enemy's Camp inveigl'd was,
 Where Trap was set to keep the Pass:
 Then runs he to the Sides full butt,
 But finds the wir'd Bars so shut,
 Through 'em he scarce his Nose can put.
 Yet, angry at this base Denial,
 He swears, he'll make a second Trial :
 So round the Ir'n Fence he goes,
 And Snuffs, and tries it with his Nose;
 At last, with his sagacious Whiskers,
 He finds the Door set ope for his Course :
 And now the Threshold he hops over,
 Ho, ho, quoth he, I'll live in Clover;

}

I've got my Wish, the Cheese I'll seize on;
 Ne'er dreaming he was in a Prison,
 A Place, from whence he could hope never
 To 'scape with Life, and Limb, out clever:
 So hugs himself, devours the Bait,
 And hurries off his certain Fate.

Taffi, awaken'd with the Clatter
 The falling Door made, guess'd the Matter;
 And on his Elbow up-right sits,
 Ready, for Joy, to lose his Wits;
 Then up he Jumps, and strikes a Light,
 To see, if he'd succeeded right;
 Nor can he sleep 'till thus secur'd,
 What Guest he'd got in Trap immur'd.

Mean while the Mouse is vex'd to th' Guts,
 To find himself close Pris'ner shut,
 Scratching with's Claws, he each Place try'd on't,
 Now knocks his Head to ev'ry side on't;
 Then through the Wir'd sides does peep out,
 Endeavouring, in vain, to creep out;
 Nay bites the Ir'n for Rage, not Hunger,
 Which prov'd, than all his Tusshes stronger.

So Savage Boars do grunt and foam,
 When (Toils b'ing set 'twixt them and Home,)
 Driv'n by Dogs they run and scamper,
 Till in the Cords themselves they hamper:

They

They struggle so, you'd think 'em able
To tear the Nets, though thick as Cable,
While Dogs stand barking round, and plague 'em,
They are to them a very May-Game ;
Yet stand at Bay, to yield are loth,
And all around 'em throw their Froth :
Instead of Armour, I protest,
Upon their brawny Back and Breast,
The Bristles stand an End for Madness,
'Twould fright a Man in sober Sadness.

As soon as e'er the dawning Twilight,
Next Morn began to make the Sky light,
Welchmen in Swarms, as thick as Flies,
Came scow'ring down each Precipice ;
Running, you'd swear they'd break their Neck,
So out of Breath, they could not speak ;
For this new Feat around was blown,
Soon as, if not before 'twas done.

Yet did the Tidings first proceed
From Messengers, not fam'd for Speed ;
An Ass I mean, a sluggish Creature,
In this Case contradicting's Nature,
In earnest laid his Shoulders to't Man,
And run like any running Footman ;
Skips up the Hills, and scow'rs along 'em,
Brisker than e'er a Goat among 'em :

Then

Then, when he had the highest found,
 From whence he might be heard around,
 Straining his Lungs in hoarser fort,
 Than a *Welch* Cryer in a Court,
 Three times aloud thy Name he brays,
 And, *Taffi*, thy fam'd A&ts displays;
 Great Joys to ev'ry Mortal living.
 Enough to merit a Thanksgiving.

And little slower was the Owl,
 Though thought a heavy-winged Fowl,
 (Of b'ing *Welch* Envoy she'd the Honour
 E'er since that time confer'd upon her,)
 Who through each Hamlet all the Night,
 With Wings unwearied, takes her Flight;
 Then hoots it out in th' Market-Places,
 And ev'ry Street thro' which she passes:
 She thumps the Windows with her Beak,
 Fore-boding Fun'ials with her Shriek;
 Th' impending Fate of Mice she teaches,
 And whooping cries their Dying-Speeches.

Now all the Mountains, as 'tis said,
 Without a Mid-wife brought to Bed,
 Produce of *Welchmen* many a Hundred,
 Had you been there, you would have wondred;
 Many from *Merioneth* went,
 From *Pembroke*shire a Regiment;

From

From ev'ry Place Man, Maid and Child,
Scow'r out, as if they all were wild;
From *Bangor* with its See, and Mitre;
Caermarthen too, pray do it right here:
Tell how 'twas famous (you've heard of it)
For Birth of *Merlin*, that old Prophet.
All from *Glamorgan* ran away,
Whose Fields yield Store of Corn and Hay;
And those, who can, when they are dry,
Go quench their Thirst at River *Wye*;
With all these, How-d'ye-call 'ems (rot 'em,
Their Names so hard are, I've forgot 'em)
Those sturdy Louts about *Montgomery*,
Devourers of Cheese, and Flummery.

Now *Taffi*, not a little proud
To see about him such a Croud;
Careful that none their Aim should miss on,
He shews around the Mouse in Prison,
Pulls him by th' Tail, and makes him juggle
His Head to th' Sides, and keep a Bustle:
And then, that all the Crowd may hear him,
Does thus in Terms insulting jeer him.

In vain, you Fool, you make a Pother,
Running from one side to the other,
My lucky Stars have so decreed,
You, my first Sacrifice, shall bleed;

You

You shall take Hansel of my Altar,
 (And no Thief more deserves a Halter;)
 Nay, with your Blood remarkable,
 I'll stain my Cup-boards, Stools and Table:
 No Hopes for thy Escape is found,
 For, 'Faith, I have thee in Lob's Pound;
 As safe within one Row of Ir'ns,
 As those whom *Styx* nine times envir'ns;
 Deafto all Pray'rs, they'll stop your running,
 And hold you fast for all your Cunning.
 You Rogue, as you deserve, shall suffer,
 For filching Cheese, and other Stuff here:
 You die, when-e'er I ope the Gate,
 Your Goal and Life have the same Date.

Scarce had he finish'd his Oration,
 But Puss hops down in Sportive Fashion
 From side of Thatch, which was most funny,
 And straight amongst 'em all does run ye;
 Where Fat, and Idle, many a day,
 With Legs stretch'd out, she basking lay.

Soon does the Captive Mouse espy
 (For Mice, you know, have a sharp Eye.)
 His Foe with threat'ning Claws draw near,
 And pricks his Ears upright for Fear;
 Himself all in a Heap he shrinks,
 As when he lay in hollow Chinks;

His

His Back between his Nose and Rump,
He sets in round *Æsopick* Crump;
The Hair upon it stares and frizzles,
And stands an End, as stiff as Bristles:
Nor dares he now from's Goal elope,
Though Pass was clear'd, and Door set ope;
But finding, much to his Affliction,
(Though it may seem a Contradiction,)
His Prison was the Place, where he
Could only hope for Liberty,
With Tooth and Nail he hugs his Chain,
Clings close with all his Might and Main;
With griping Claws now strives to stay,
As much as once to get away :
Yet out with much ado he thrust is,
And Puss, stern Minister of Justice,
Leaps on her Prey, as swift as Arrow
From Bow, or Kite to seize on Sparrow ;
First him with *Cornish* Hugg enfolds,
Struggling in vain to break her Hold,
Then gives him many a hard, and coarse Kiss,
Much worse, than what we call a Horse-Kiss.

Thus he from Pillar unto Post,
Without a Minute's Rest, is toft ;
While Puss, in proud triumphant Manner,
Displays her Tail, instead of Banner ;

D

Wagging

Wagging it round in nimble Folds,
As full of Joy as she can hold ;
And bouncing round her Adversary,
In twenty several Postures merry,
Skips up and down, and lightly hops,
As any Dancer of the Ropes :
Now on her Belly lies to watch him,
Ready, if Mouse should run, to catch him,
And then, as if afraid to scratch him,
With gentle Claws, the Hypocrite
Stroaking his Neck o'er very light,
Of real Kindness acts the Part out,
While she designs to tear his Heart out.

Thus Cruelty she exercises,
In various Tricks, and quaint Devices,
And does the perfect Tyrant play
In a jocosé, and merry way.
But now, dissembling Wrath no longer,
Weary of trifling, urg'd by Hunger,
She grinds her Tusshes, then falls to
In earnest, without more adoe,
And fierce as any unfed Lion,
Her trembling Prey does straightway fly on ;
Nor purrs, but growls aloud, I tell ye,
From lowest Caverns of her Belly ;

In

In mangling manner butchers him,
And tears him Piece-meal Limb from Limb :
Nay, with her cruel Teeth all bloody,
She pulls his Garbage out of's Body.

The Croud, which round about him stood,
Seeing the hated Creature's Blood
In Drops besmearing all the Floor,
For very Joy do shout and roar ;
The Air they fill with clam'rous Noise,
While a fly Dame made up of Voice,
Echo yclep'd, (whose Habitation
Is said to be in the *Welch* Nation,)
Redoubles all their Shouts, and bears
Their Joys aloof to distant Ears :
Brechin, and *Snowdon* too, and that *Hill*,
Lofty *Plinlimmon*, with 'em rattle ;
The Stars too, but a little higher,
At second-hand might have the Cry here :
Nay, *Offa's* Ditch in Hollow Sounds
The mighty Din far off re-bounds.

Thy Name shall never be forgot,
Taffi, 'till *Wales* it self is not ;

To this Day *Welchmen* sing thy Praise,
 And Trophies to thy Merit raise :
 Each Year one solemn Day does see
 Kept sacred to thy Memory.

Thus zealous of their Country's Fame,
 They gratefully record thy Name:
 Then all in merry Mood are crown'd,
 With fresh green Leeks each Noddle's bound,
 Diffusing fragrant Whiffs around.

F I N I S.





